

Burning on the Right

Bill's Future Past

National Review assembled the usual righteous circus to whip Trump around the rings.
around the rings. Much cackling. Unearthly, somehow.

Why won't he leave? This, this last possible humiliation! Midst the Sawdust Hell of True Believers!

The trick ponies. Seedy costumes of sliding glitters. Rising dust in the tracking spotlights. Manure.

Founder Bill and I Buckley and I lived in New Haven at the same time, me a townie without a fake OOxford accent. (Was OK, really, sounding thus.)

Many richly unconscious believers, though he was true. most Yalies spoke that way.)

Went on to be a great political entertainer, r like Reagan and Goldwater.

If there's a Right Hereafter...well, sadly, how could there be?